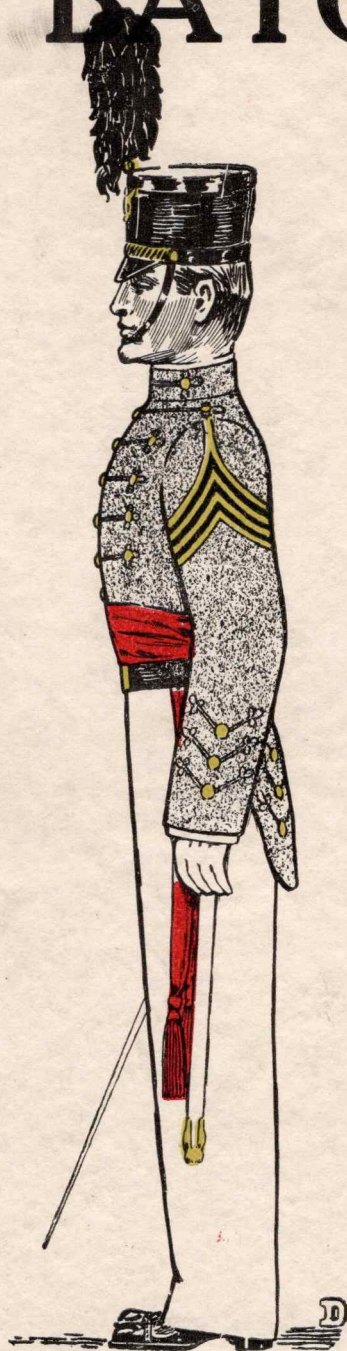


HAROLD O. SMITH JR.

THE BAYONET



MARCH, 1918

HAROLD O. SMITH JR.

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Editorials

What Are You Doing?



WHAT are you doing to help win the war? How many times a day are you confronted with this question, both orally and written? You who are doing nothing find yourselves in an embarrassing position when you are called on to answer such an accusing interrogation. And still you go on day after day in this unpatriotic manner, more of an encumbrance than an aid to your country.

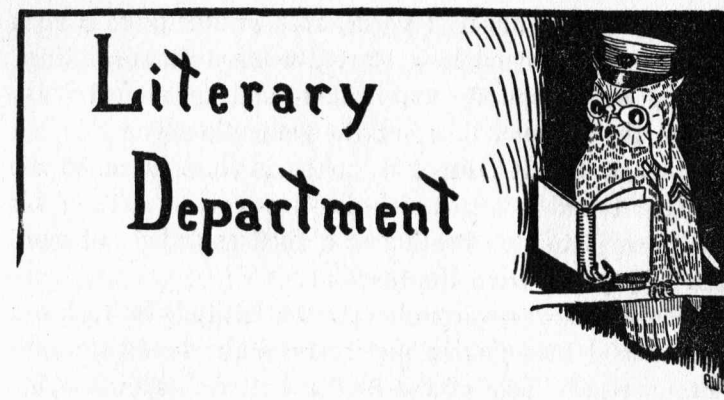
You, the youth of our nation, can do your part in several ways, and although they are all essentially varied, they have, if properly and enthusiastically executed, but one result, and that—eventually—VICTORY!

Let us think of ourselves as an electric spark, of our fighting forces as gasoline (not to be played with), and of Congress and our President as the carburetor of a gasoline engine. Without the one the others are useless and powerless. Our soldiers are training in the various camps and quite a few of them are in the front line of trenches. Metaphorically, the soldiers in the trenches are the gasoline in the cylinders; those in the camps, the gas supply which flows from the tank; Congress and the President, the carburetor where the mixture is made and distributed equally. You must admit it is a great system, but just suppose you, the electric spark, lie down on the job. Without you doing your bit, all the other parts of the machine are as useless as so many cinders.

When the war is over and in years to come you will probably speak many times of: "When *we* whipped Germany." But, if you do not do your part, you can not help but say this with a pang of regret for the unpatriotic way in which you conducted yourself.

This may be only thoughtlessness on your part, and if it is, now is the time to remedy it. It is not too late, nor will it be, until the war is over and Democracy is safe for the world.

G. M. HANCOCK.



The American

S HE walked briskly across the well kept grounds of the aviation base, somewhere in France, with his head erect and his cold, steel-gray eyes flashing, he strove to drive from his mind thoughts of his mother and the girl at home, and his eyes dimmed for an instant. Then his well moulded jaw hardened and his muscles seemed to swell like cords under the skin. Having carefully fastened his leather head-gear, and having buttoned the fur collar closely around his neck, he mounted into his seat in the 150 horse-power French monoplane, which lay like an enormous bird on the field beside him. His pilot waited patiently. Orders were to cross the first line of trenches and discover the position of the hidden German battery which was working havoc upon the soldiers of the Allies; and if possible, to photograph it.

The huge monoplane shot forward, and skimming the

earth for a few hundred yards, rose gradually to a high altitude. The monoplane started toward its own lines, hovered over them for an instant, and then sped away toward the German lines, at the same time going higher and higher. As it crossed the German lines he noted the excitement and bustle which he had caused. Then his heart seemed to stop beating as a shell exploded not more than fifty yards from the machine.

Having recovered from his startled attitude he took out his powerful field glasses and scanned the landscape diligently for some sign of the hidden battery. However, he could discover nothing. In the meanwhile, shells were exploding all about him. Any time one of them might hit his plane and send him and his pilot to destruction. Still he did not give up, but continued to scan the landscape. All at once, from a grove of trees directly underneath, there appeared a puff of smoke, shortly followed by a dull boom. Searching this spot closely with his glasses, he saw dully outlined in green a huge battery, undoubtedly the one that was working havoc with the French lines. "It must be covered with green netting, that it had never been discovered," he thought, "and I have discovered it simply by chance." He then ordered his pilot to circle about the spot. After having carefully photographed the battery three times, they started back for their own lines with the camera and its precious load in a case beside him. He leaned forward eagerly and signaled for more speed. But all danger was not past. As they neared their own lines, a carefully aimed shot from one of the anti-aircraft guns of the enemy exploded but a few yards from them, damaging the rear wing of the plane. The plane wobbled and

barely held her equilibrium. The pilot signaled frantically for less weight. Immediately he dropped the tools. Then he loosened the machine guns from their cases and let them fall. Still the plane continued to warble. He thought of the camera and its contents. Something must be done soon, or the plane would go to destruction, thus destroying the information needed for the silencing of the large battery.

Suddenly a plan shot through his head. He could die. Was he not an American? Could he not die in order to allow the plane to reach its destiny and carry the camera safely to the French lines. Immediately, he grabbed the edge of the plane and, with his jaw set, leaped into what seemed a great abyss. The plane, having thus been lightened, gradually righted itself and shot forward. It carried the camera and its precious contents to the French lines and to safety, while he who had given his life for the Right and Democracy shot through space, thinking of Home and Mother, then—nothing.

HENRY B. CURTIN.

(THE END)

The Kiss Good-Bye

The kiss good-bye when the loved ones go,
 All that it means we shall never know;
 All that she sees through her dreaming eyes,
 As the soldier waves his last good-byes.
 Sweeter than youth is the love that dreams
 Through a kiss that is more than a mere kiss seems.

Good-bye, good-bye to a soldier.

And we will hold her up to the train,
 That their lips may meet in that kiss so sweet,
 For she may never see him again.

The kiss good-bye when the mother of tears
 Stands bowed by her lad in the nameless fears;
 Ah! what meaning, what wonder, it bears
 To the mother of men with her whitening hairs,
 And her aching heart and her struggle to smile
 When she wants to be weeping the longest while.

Good-bye, good-bye to a soldier.

And we'll leave them together and go,
 That their lips may meet in that kiss so sweet
 For she may not get her woe.

The kiss good-bye when the boys entrain,
 And lips meet now that may never again,
 We will hold them up to the window-sill
 That their eyes may meet in that loved glance still,
 That their arms may clasp and their bosoms heave
 For the hour has come when the lad must leave.

Good-bye, good-bye to a soldier.

And blessing upon them and love,
 For the lips that meet in that kiss so sweet
 While he bends from the window above.

The kiss good-bye when the wife stands there,
 All that it means is a burden to bear,
 A shadow upon her through all the days,
 That the dark war dips in the battle's rays.
 And along in the sorrow and grief and care,
 For the joy of her lad come back she prays
 And good-bye, good-bye to a soldier.
 And we'll hold her up to the train,
 That their lips may meet in that kiss so sweet,
 For they may never kiss again.

JAMES CABELL TINSLEY.

Reid of the Javoline

McL. WEATHERSBEE

(CONCLUSION)



ARK shadows dotted the whole valley, and the light was giving away to night. Mike Malone rode at a gallop towards the Rio Grande. He was headed for a spring of clear water, near the river, and was about to reach it when his horse gave a sudden spring and almost threw the tired rider out of his saddle. Mike looked about him for a rattlesnake, and in doing so, his eyes caught sight of a long black object lying on the ground half hidden under a bush. He dismounted and approached the object with precaution until he saw that it was not a snake. It was dark by this time, but not too dark for Mike to see that he was about to pick up a lost rifle. His face turned red with hate and rage. He had recognized the rifle of Tom Reed. He stood gripping the rifle and examining the ground about where he had picked it up. Several scattering shells told Mike that there had been a fight on the very ground where he stood. He mounted his horse and headed for the spring just beyond a thicket that was only a few hundred yards ahead of him. Mike halted his horse in the midst of the thicket and listened. Several thuds came to his ears to assure him that he had heard something in the thicket just as he rode in. Of course it was a horse. But did the horse have a rider? He turned his horse and followed the retreating sound through the darkness, and finally halted, as he saw a

horse grazing at the spot some distance ahead of him. Here was Tom Reed's horse nipping at the short grass, occasionally lifting his head to look anxiously towards the border line. Mike's heart sank, and he rode on to the spring, where he cooked some strips of bacon, and made a hot cup of coffee. After this was done he rolled into his blanket, and with his face turned to the star-dotted sky, he soon fell asleep.

The March winds swept over the mountains and through the valleys, bending the long grass to the ground. It was morning, and a large camp of Mexican cattle thieves had just completed their breakfast and were saddling their horses to make their last ride across the line after cattle. Zertuche called his best man off a little distance from the busy crowd that had increased from seven to twelve men. "You're the man I have picked to make the biggest drive that has ever crossed the border," said Zertuche, "and it is up to you to make a good job of it." "I will do my best, of course, Senor Zertuche. But why is it that you are not going with us?" asked the rustler in a dissatisfied tone. The Mexican leader turned and pointed to a man chained to a tree, well guarded by one of his trusted men who was working at an old saddle that had been torn to pieces by a falling horse, shot down by Tom Reed, who stood watching, helpless, with chains bound about his body and neck.

"I will take this 'Gringo' to Pallo Verdes today for my reward," said Zertuche to the other rustler. These words were said for Tom's benefit. He heard and shook as he now realized the reason he was being held prisoner. He had shot a man in self defense two years ago. A well known outlaw who had tried to kill him in a corner at

Uvalde for some reasons unknown to him. He had long expected to hear from this outlaw, and was sorry in a way that he had not killed him. It all came to him like a dream now, and his face turned red, not in fright, but in anger.

Clever men were about to start on their journey to Texas soil when, at the suggestion of one, they all dismounted and went over to the chained man to remind him of the fact that he was about to be delivered to the old outlaw that had longed for his revenge. The conversation opened by the foremost rustler flipping a cigarette in Tom's face. "No one but a 'peon' would do that," said Tom, as anger flashed to the ruddy features of his face. "We are off for another herd of the 'Gringos' fat cattle," remarked one. "You will go once too often some day," replied Tom, and he longed for the strength to break those tight chains, and to shoot his way out of Mexico.

The conversation stopped short as Zertuche pushed his way through the crowd and stopped in front of Tom. He stood still for an instant with his arms folded and looked at his prisoner with contempt. "I have heard you boast about your strength," grinned the outlaw. "You're a liar," returned Tom. "You have never heard me boast about anything pertaining to myself. "You speak as though you know what I have in mind." Lighting his cigarette, Zertuche turned and caught a broad shouldered man by the arm and pulled him to his side. "This man will show you just how small and weak a Gringo really is."

The chains were removed from his sore body, and he moved about, glad to be rid of the painful chains that had left his body raw and sore. This was a disadvantage to him, for his arms and legs were stiff and sore. He walked

about and tried to rid himself of the soreness, while the husky, brute-like rustler removed his spurs and shirt. The two men faced each other with clenched fists, the Mexican smiled and advanced to what he thought an easy task. Tom rushed at him and his right fist shot out and caught the rustler full in the face. The blow stunned him and he staggered back, but returned now crouched like a panther about to make its fatal spring. He struck at Tom with all his force, and to his satisfaction the blow was not in vain, for Tom went to his knees under the force of his blow. Tom had fallen at Zartuche's feet, who was looking down upon him and smiling with pleasure. The old saddle was in an arm's reach; he grasped it and jumping to his feet held it above his head and threw it with all his force at the advancing rustler.

Tom walked between two guards to the chains where he would be tied up again and lashed with a wet rope. As one of his guards looked back to see how the unconscious and unlucky man that had fought "Reed of the Javoline" was, Tom seized the heavy revolver which hung about the rustler's waist, and the gun that was prepared for the "Gringoes" across the Rio Grande was spent on the guards. When the second man fell Tom seized his gun and leaped on a frightened horse that was about to run from the belching blue steel Colt. There was a murmur of surprise from the peons as they seized their rifles and rushed for the horse. Tom was now a good distance away, and riding as he had never ridden before. On glancing back several times, he realized that two men were gaining very rapidly and that his eight remaining shells must stop them. He watched his chance, and when satisfied with the intervening

distance, he brought his horse to a sudden halt. His first three shots failed to reach their mark, but caused a sudden change in speed on the three advancing horses. They rode slow now in hopes that the Gringo would empty his last gun without bloodshed among them. This move seemed to satisfy Tom, for they no longer fired at him, but came closer to unconsciously give him a better chance. He raised his revolver and the last of the three successive shots left three men kicking about on the ground and struggling for life. When Tom was a mile ahead, he pulled his horse down to a trot, then to a walk and kept straight for the border line.

The race was growing hot again, and Tom's sore body was telling upon him. A bullet skipped through the grass at his horse's feet, and he once more spurred his horse into a run. The evening was passing fast, and his only chance now was to keep alive until dark and then he was safe beyond a doubt. His pursuers realized this, and each bullet came closer to Tom. The thing that he had long expected happened just before the setting sun was about to cast a dark shielding shadow over the valley. A bullet tore into his neck. This was enough, and he wanted to press the cold gun that he held in his right hand to his forehead, but that everlasting grit and nerve clung to him like a fever, and he raised his hand to his neck to find that the wound was not so bad, but very painful, and it left a warm stream of blood running down his shoulders and arms. The bullet had cut a deep gash in the left of his neck, only to anger the nervy Tom the more. He sped on now with a light heart, as the coming night rushed to his defense. Another mile, and it was dark, and Tom glanced back at the

red flashes from the sea of blackness behind him. He believed he was safe, and started a zigzag course. He could no longer hear the thundering of rifles or the clip-clop of horses' feet, and was almost under the impression that his enemies had given him up, when a shot broke the stillness of the silent night. The blackness turned to white, then blue, and at last black again. The bleeding figure of Tom Reed lay still where he had fallen.

Mrs. Malone turned away from an untouched meal and moved slowly to the big corrals and ordered the Pinto range boss to search for her husband, who had ridden away in search of Tom Reed seven days before.

"You must find him Mr. Tarpley," she said in a weak tone. The range boss handed her a yellow envelope which she crumpled in her soft, white hands without taking time to see what had been handed her. "You must find him," she repeated.

"But maybe the telegram is from him," answered the rider as he watched the white face of the beautiful young lady that stood before him.

Trembling fingers tore eagerly at the envelope, and she read:

New York,
March 2, 1917.

Mrs. M. C. Malone,
Care Pinto Ranch,
Standart, Texas:

Expect to arrive at Standart on train No. 101 Wednesday, the 7th.

"Sister, sister, may I ask if it is from Malone?" said Tarpley, and waited what seemed an hour for her answer.

"No! Sister will arrive on today's train if she has

made her connections. Send Andy to meet her. You take the rest of the men and don't come back until you have found my husband."

"You just know that I will never sleep another wink, Mrs. Malone until I have carried out your orders."

She saw him swing into the saddle and the black gun that caught her eye made her shiver at the thought. Tom had carried one of its kind on the morning that he had left. She walked slowly to the house, where she threw herself in a chair and wept softly.

The rattling of wheels and the stamping horses told of the arrival of her sister. The two sisters met in a strong embrace. Oh! darling, I was so glad you came. Tom is—is gone," the young wife burst into tears and was unable to say more. "I know, dear," said her sister soothingly. "Andy has told me all—it is terrible, but I'm sure he will come back tomorrow or the next day."

The two sisters looked at each other in wonderment as the noise of a running horse halted at the corral gate, a tinkering of spurs was heard as the rider descended from his horse and walked hurriedly to the house.

"Who could be riding in at this time of night?" asked the frightened sister that was not yet accustomed to seeming peculiarities of the west. "It's my Tom," cried the young wife, and she rushed to the door and almost embarrassed Mr. Tarpley.

"He sent me ahead to tell you that he was coming, and is not hurt," said Tarpley.

Tears came again to her eyes, but this time in happiness.

"Tom Reed is with him," continued the range boss.

The two girls started out the door at the sound of many horses' feet approaching the corral gate. "No! you must not go out there," said Tarpley, blocking the door-way. "I will go," she cried, and beat both hands upon his big chest.

Tarpley wanted to let her pass, but was afraid that the condition of the two men might look worse than it really was in the dark, so he led the two back to the big sitting-room, where they waited for the approaching foot-steps now crossing the wide veranda, a few hurried steps, and Mike Malone entered and rushed to meet his wife, who threw both arms about his neck and cried softly on his shoulder. "It's all right dear, and I will never go away and leave you again," said Mike, trying to hide the two bloody bandages on his right arm, he released her and turned on hearing a soft cry behind him. "Blanche Sterling!" he shouted in surprise, and after the greeting, which consisted of a couple of kisses and a hug, she drew away from him and pointed to the bloody bandages. The two girls almost convinced Mike that he was hurt but he only laughed and told them to come with him, and led the way to the next room, where they found Tom Reed stretched upon the bed with three men working over him, his many wounds were dressed, and as nothing else could be done, Mike sent the girls out and retired himself to bed in the same room. He felt much better with his arm dressed and cared for, and at last fell asleep.

Tom Reed opened his eyes and looked about him, his gaze swept the big room and at last rested upon a beautiful young girl, who was seated across the room and looking at him in silence, the red lips parted with a smile, and

she came to his side and said something that he didn't understand.

"You must lie down, Mr. Reed." This time he heard, but did not obey.

"Who are you?" he asked. "I am Mrs. Malone's sister, and your nurse," she answered, pulling her chair to his bed-side. After she got him to lie down again, she told him of Mike's wedding while in New York, and of her arrival to the west.

Three weeks passed like a day, and Tom was dreading the day when he would no longer see the nurse that he had come to love in the last three weeks. He lived for the few hours she spent in his room each day.

It was time for his dinner, and would she bring it herself? He was sure she would, and was not disappointed when Blanche entered with a tray of steaming dishes.

"The doctor is here to see you, and will be in as soon as you finish your lunch," she said, this time without the usual smile. "He promised me last time that I could get up when he came back, so I guess I won't be here to trouble you any longer after today." He watched the effects of these words over a cup of steaming coffee.

"Will you go away as soon as you are well, Tom?" she asked.

"Do you want me to?"

"No!"

"Then I won't go."

The next day Tom walked about the house and was ever looking for the little dark haired girl that had said she didn't want him to leave.

That night they strolled alone out to the corrals to watch the restless horses stamp about and at last settle down for the night.

"Tom, I love the west. It is like it was in my dreams."

"Could you ever love a cowboy—say—one like me, for instance?"

"No! not one like you, but I might love you yourself."

Tom stopped so quick that he almost fell.

"Do you mean that?"

"Yes," was the faint reply.

He took her in his arms and told her what he felt in his heart, and the world seemed to him a much nicer, lovelier place than it ever had before.

(THE END)



ITH the basketball season nearing a close, naturally the best and hardest-fought games would come last, for both our team and our antagonists have been undergoing the severest of training since the early beginning of the season, each team steadily improving, each perfecting the art of handling the ball to such a degree that the outcome of the contest seems uncertain at times. But at the finish of the game the decision is always in our favor, with an additional victory credited to our "Big Five" and their unbroken record.

Such was again the case on the night of February 23rd, when we met and defeated in our gym the rustic Collegians from Bridgewater by an overwhelming score of 42-22.

Oppleman, at forward, played a game that couldn't easily have been matched, not just for a few minutes, but throughout the game, shooting baskets from every position on the floor.

Scott's work at center was past criticism, for he, like Oppleman, located the "hoop" many times.

Balthis, Christian, E., and Lewis played a remarkably good game, and were always in the fight, consequently, the ball rarely ever neared our antagonists' goal.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>A. M. A.</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Bridgewater</i>
Oppleman	L. F.	Roller
Lewis	R. F.	Garber
Scott	C.	Moyers
Balthis	R. G.	Nolley
Christian	L. G.	Hounshell

Substitutes: McWhorter and McCorkle for A. M. A.; Clark and Driver for Bridgewater.

Referee: Sidney Rawlings.

Goals from floor: Scott 7; Oppleman 8; Lewis 3; Balthis 1; Christian 1; Roller 7; Garber 3.

Goals from fouls: Augusta 2; Bridgewater 4.

On the night of March 3rd our invincible quint journeyed to Waynesboro, where we met our old rivals, Fishburne, and demonstrated our superiority over them for the second time this year.

The game opened with a rush—neither team scored for the first few minutes of play. However, Oppleman started the scoring for A. M. A. with a pretty shot from mid-floor. Then Fishburne rallied one, but Scott soon followed with another, and from this on the quint was unable to be stopped, although they were greatly handicapped by the absence of Lewis who, not being able to play on account of sickness. The first half ended: Augusta 20; Fishburne 11. The second half started with both teams playing their hardest, but Fishburne was unable to cope with their superiors, and it was soon seen that Augusta was doing most of the scoring in this half. The final whistle blew with Augusta leading her opponents by sixteen points.

The line-up:

<i>A. M. A.</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>F. M. S.</i>
Balthis	R. G.	Johnson
Christian	L. G.	Maddox
Scott	C.	Briggs
Oppleman	L. F.	Arbogast
Temple	R. F.	More

Final Score: A. M. A., 37; F. M. S., 21.

Referee: Mr. Dunn, of U. Va.

Goals from floor: Oppleman 8; Scott 6; Balthis 2; Temple 1; Christian, E., 1; More 4; Arbogast 2; Briggs 11; Maddox 4.

Owing to the fact that our team was greatly handicapped by three of our best men having just partly recovered from bad colds, which rendered a great hindrance, the well oiled up working order of a team, we had to do battle with odds against us when we met our old rival, S. M. A., on the night of February 20th. But by this we don't mean to be offering excuses for our defeat.

This was only the first of the two games that was to decide the championship of prep. schools in Virginia. Probably the largest crowd that had ever assembled on a local floor to witness a basketball game was on hand this night, for in the eyes of the public the odds were about even. However, if we did suffer defeat, it was only by such a close margin that the score itself is proof of the hot contest that ensued.

The ending of the first half was decidedly in S. M. A.'s favor, they being in the lead with a majority of fourteen points.

To some this might have seemed rather discouraging; but not to our "Big Five," for they were now more de-

termined than ever to outplay their opponents in this half—which they did in every particular, but their aggressors had gained too much of a lead in the first half. When the final whistle blew it was found that S. M. A. had us by only six points, and hadn't they been so in the lead at the beginning of the last half, no doubt the outcome of the game would have been decidedly different.

The line-up was as follows:

Oppleman (4)	R. F.	Brophy (10)
Lewis	L. F.	Eagles (10)
Scott (10)	C.	Curry (1)
Christian (6)	L. G.	Young (5)
Balthis (6)	R. G.	Freitag

Substitute: McWhorter for Lewis.

The final score being 20-26.

Time-keeper, Boggs; Score-keeper, Manning; Referee, Dunn, of University of Virginia.

The night of the 27th of February is a time that will go down in A. M. A. history. The Augusta gymnasium contained the largest crowd ever seen here, and both the Roller and Kable teams were well represented. Everyone was busy speculating on the outcome of the game, and the "dope" seemed to be favorable to our opponents.

The Staunton team was the first to enter the gym., and received a round of applause from the fifty S. M. A. cadets, assisted by all the spectators favoring the blue and yellow.

Then the roof seemed to raise as the Roller team trotted in, and deafening cheer after cheer, for the team as a whole, and then for each individual on the squad was given.

After a short settlement of final details, the game started in earnest. For the first few minutes it looked as though the ball had wings. It flew from end to end of the gymnasium, and it was only by a beautiful shot from Lewis, of A. M. A., that the first point was scored. Then it was that the old Augusta spirit showed supreme. Our boys, kept the ball nearly all the time, and goal after goal was credited to the A. M. A. side of the score card. As individuals, Oppleman and Lewis, at forward, not only tried for goals, but passed so accurately and surely that often there was an opportunity for Scott, at center, to elude his man and make a basket.

Christian and Balthis, at guard, did wonderful work, and it was largely due to their efforts that the first half ended with the score of 19 to 4 in our favor.

The second half started with a tremendous rally on the S. M. A. side, but they could see their "Waterloo" had come, and could only make desperate in vain to change the tide. Long shots were then resorted to, and it was almost entirely due to these shots that the twelve points scored by Kables were made.

On the other side the Augusta boys had the team work that makes you win, and it was seen by all that everything was with the home team.

The contest ended, and Mr. Dunn, of Virginia, announced the final score:

A. M. A., 33; S. M. A., 12.

By this victory Augusta won, by the recognition of Virginia, the Preparatory Championship of this State, and it was due to their request that we played and defeated

Salem High School. By winning this game, we have won the inter-scholastic school championship of Virginia as well. The University of Virginia presented the Augusta boys with a beautiful cup, thus recognizing us as champions without question.

If S. M. A. questions this honor, a third game will have to be played, but although they have already refused our challenge on any but their own floor, we can only hope that they will finally accept and give us another game.

The line-up was as follows:

A. M. A.	Position	S. M. A.
Oppleman (13)	L. F.	Brophy (2)
Lewis (8)	R. F.	Eagles (2)
Scott (6)	C.	Curry (6)
Balthis (4)	R. G.	Young (2)
Christian (2)	L. G.	Freitag

The Roller Five journeyed to Salem on March 9th to meet the snappy quint of the Salem High School, who had won sixteen straight victories, winning from some of the best schools in the State. Augusta hated to spoil Salem's wonderful record, but could hardly keep from defeating a "High School." Salem was pretty confident, knowing what a good team it had; but since they were playing for the inter-scholastic championship, Augusta had to be victors.

The game opened with both teams feeling as though they were going to win. Augusta scored the first goal and then piled up ten points before Salem could find the basket. Salem's right forward, Bunting, whom Salem relied on, was out of the game, due to the close guarding of Christian. Augusta showed wonderful team work, and it

looked as though the "Big Five" could hardly miss the hoop.

The game closed with A. M. A. 37, Salem 21. For Augusta, Oppleman and Balthis did exceptionally good work, while Bunting starred for Salem.

The line-up was as follows:

Oppleman (18) L. F.	Bunting (11)
Lewis (4) R. F.	Peters (2)
Scott (6) C.	Glenn (6)
Balthis (9) R. G.	Welber (2)
Christian (2) L. G.	Crawford

Track

GEO. W. BROWN



HE call for track was very enthusiastically responded to by the enrollment of a large number of candidates, each anxious for an opportunity to perform a demonstration of his aptness in one or more of the various events in this popular outdoor recreation.

We have much new material besides the members left from last year's team, who contested for honors. This means all the more perseverance in training, forthcoming, for those that will be fortunate enough in making a place on the squad this year.

Hudgins, Brown, Blackstock, Weaver, McWhorter, and Birchett have just about gotten back into their usual good form again. Hence, we are justified in expecting great things from these capable athletes.

Among the most promising new material that has appeared is Burge, Crowley, Wingfield, and Smith, each seemingly efficient in athletic calibre.

The team was very fortunate in securing the valuable assistance of Captains Burhman and McDowell, who have kindly consented to coach the team.

Thus the outlook for a fast team is decidedly encouraging.

Manager Weaver has already written to several different schools in hopes of securing other meets besides the "Big Inter-scholastic Track Meet," annually held at Charlottesville, Virginia, sometime during the month of May.

Social

W. Y. CARTER AND R. L. BALTHIS



THE editor of this department grasps "ye olde quille" to describe recent social activities at A. M. A., he is reminded of a volume, by an unknown author, entitled "Owls in Iceland," the entire text of which embraces the following: "There are no owls in Iceland."

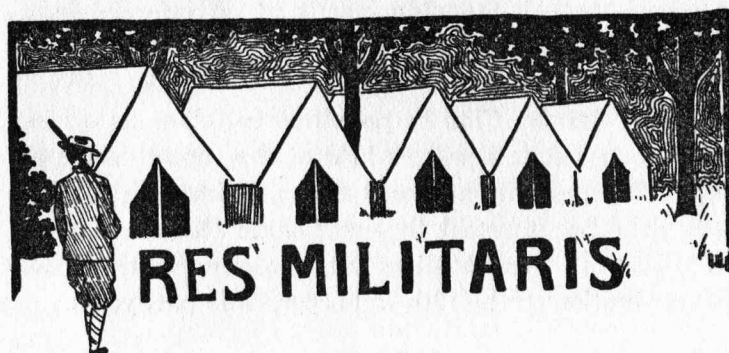
After some pondering, however, willful, deliberate, premeditated, and with malice aforethought, said editor awakes to the rather inconsistent realization that he has something on the aforesaid distinguished writer.

On Wednesday night, February 27th, when our basketball quint had wreaked satisfying revenge on S. M. A., 33 to 12, and all was over but the shouting, an "informal" was held in Memorial Hall. The school orchestra ably performed while the cadets and a large crowd of young ladies from the nearby metropolis swayed gaily to the tuneful melodies. A constant flow of the very essential electric current being dangerously uncertain, and it having occurred to the "Master of Ceremonies" that the time was ripe "To sleep: perchance to dream"—for the cadets, of course—the dance was concluded at an hour that seemed all too early for the participants.

Following our second victory over Fishburne at Waynesboro, Saturday night, March 2nd, the members of the basketball team, and quite a number of cadet officers who accompanied the team to Fishburne, were, upon returning

to school through Staunton, guests at an informal dance given by Mrs. Timberlake, at the Virginia Hotel, in the aforesaid city.

If the German Club be permitted to follow its original program, two dances will be held at the school during the Easter Season—one, a formal dance, Friday night, April 12th; the other, informal, the next night. That this plan can be carried out is doubtful as yet. In any event, one formal celebration on the 12th will occur, as in past years.



G. A. HOLDERNESS, JR.



INDOOR drills have been stopped, and the spring drills have at last commenced. Due to the lack of outdoor drills during the winter months, the companies have become somewhat rusty. It has been, therefore, necessary to drill them in the fundamentals for the past week. These drills will continue until sufficient development is made. Then the drills in extended order will begin. As the companies have been making great progress, it will not be long before these drills will begin.

On the 28th of February we had our first dress parade. Taking into consideration that this was our first parade, it was very good. Since then we have had a parade every Monday afternoon, and each one shows some improvement over the preceding one. At this rate, we should make a fine showing finals.

The following are the special orders for the past month:

HEADQUARTERS CORPS CADETS, A. M. A.

SPECIAL ORDER No. 35

1st. Cadet Sergt. Fudge, J., for trifling in ranks, is hereby reduced to ranks until May 1st.

2nd. The following promotions are made in the corps of cadets, and must be obeyed and respected accordingly:

To be First Lieut.—Cadet Lieut. Anderson, R.

To be Second Lieut.—Cadet Sergt Simmerman.

To be Sergt. in B Co.—Cadet Corporal Otey.

To be Corporal in B Co.—Cadet Davis, W.

To be Corporal in B Co.—Cadet Wilkins.

To be Sergt. of the Band—Cadet Earhart.

3rd. Cadet Captain of the Staff Bailly, P., is hereby appointed to take the duties of Cadet Adjutant.

BY ORDER MAJOR ROLLER, C. C. C.

HEADQUARTERS CORPS CADETS, A. M. A.

SPECIAL ORDER No. 36

The following appointment is made in the Corps of Cadets, and must be obeyed and respected accordingly:

To be Hospital Orderly with the rank of Corporal, and to go with the Staff, Cadet Private Houston.

BY ORDER MAJOR ROLLER, C. C. C.

HEADQUARTERS CORPS CADETS, A. M. A.

SPECIAL ORDER No. 37

The following promotions are made in the Corps of Cadets, and must be obeyed and respected accordingly:

To be Second Lieut.—Cadet First Sergt. Wangenstein.

To be Fifth Sergt. in D Co.—Cadet Corporal Blackstock.

BY ORDER MAJOR ROLLER, C. C. C.



C. S. DAVIS AND C. V. WINFREE

The following alumni have recently arrived in France:

Mr. Divite Jones; C. H. Linn; Mason and C. Nelson; Mr. Sam Parkins, and Mr. J. A. Haley have been promoted to First Lieutenants.

Mr. Hugh Argenbright is working in the ship yards.

Mr. H. P. Finley is attending Colorado School of Mines.

Mr. Russell Ferguson is working at his home, Richmond, Va.

Mr. Kenneth Close is attending Richmond College.

Mr. Edwin Fox is working for the Superior Supply Company at Bluefield, W. Va.

Mr. "Bill" Fleming is working for his father in the coal fields of West Virginia.

Mr. George Barger is going to Stetson University in Florida.

Mr. Steele A. Hawkins is working at his home.

Mr. Phil Brooks is at V. P. I.

Malcolm Ford is traveling for his father.

John Fulwiler is attending V. P. I.

Mr. Fulton Hogshead is added to the honorable list of alumni.

Mr. "Bally" Hughes is attending V. M. I.

Mr. "Jack" Stratton is attending the University of Colorado.

Mr. "Rat" Weaver is working at his home.

Mr. "Wren" Jennings is at V. M. I.

Mr. John Wise is working at his home.

Mr. C. S. Thurtell is working in Washington.

Mr. A. B. Simpson is at his home in Roanoke, Va.

Mr. H. P. Trimble is working in Monterey, Va.

Mr. I. M. Ervin is at his home in Pittsburg, Penn.

Mr. W. W. Egbert is at his home in Black Mountain, N. C.

Mr. C. E. Byrd is attending the University of Louisiana.



A. A. SPROUL, *Editor*

The Focus, S. N. S.—*The Focus* is much better this month. The literary department is very well gotten up. "Three's a Crowd" and "Her Valentine" are fine.

Curtis Monthly, C. H. S.—The literary department is too small. More good stories would add much to your paper. The athletic department is good.

The Mirror, P. H. S.—*The Mirror* is too small. Don't you think that larger print would add to it? Some more interesting stories, and a few poems would improve it a lot.

Thee Student, P. H. S.—*The Student* is improving each month. Like most school papers, it is lacking in good, snappy stories. Couldn't more of your exchanges be written up? The purpose of exchanging school papers is to interchange criticism.

The Wesleyan.—Welcome to our midst. The first copy of *The Wesleyan* with which THE BAYONET has been favored has made an excellent impression. The literary department is the best we have seen. Could not a few more jokes be worked in? They add "pep" to a paper. Come again.

Personals

BY WORLEY

The following were visitors here the preceding month:

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson; Miss Bulter; Miss Brown and party; Mr. White; Miss Sheney; Miss Wallace; Miss Rogers; Mr. Patterson; Mr. Black; Mr. and Mrs. Bryan; Mr. and Mrs. Runnels; Mrs. Hammond; Mr. Avis; Mr. and Mrs. Otey; Mrs. Winfree; Miss Louise Heydenreich; Mrs. Tinsley; Mr. Malcolm Ford; Mr. Sites; Mr. and Mrs. Shreckhise; Mrs. Shackelford; Mr. Douglas; Mr. Jones; Mr. Brown; Miss Virginia Moseley; Miss Emily Moseley.

Time and I

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Time and I were friends long gone.

Though he was my master,

I would say to him each dawn:

"Faster, faster, faster!

Somewhere farther down the road

We will find fair Love's abode.

He is waiting for me I know.

Let us swifter go."

Love was waiting there ahead

In his open door.

Once with him, to Time I said:

"Slower, slower, slower!

Love and I would be content,

If most leisurely you went."

But Time ever hastened so

He became my foe.

Now I hold Time dear once more.

And his favor curry,

And I cry out as of yore:

"Hurry, hurry, hurry!

Love has made a new abode;

I will join him down the road."

But Time has grown slow and old,

And the days lag so.



Jokes

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Why Capt. Preston went to bed so early the night
 "Roaring Alice" made her appearance?
 What happened to Capt. Jordan's upper lip?
 Why Balthis is down-hearted?
 Why Runnels goes to the infirmary so often.
 Who Oppleman collects tobacco for.
 Who bought "Piggie's" chevrons.
 Why Carter never smokes his own pipe.
 What Hawkins did with his milk pail.
 What Houston knows about medicine.
 Why Kennedy never grins.
 Why Berliner never smiles.
 What Simmerman did with his umbrella.
 Why Sheffey never combs his hair.
 Why Durant doesn't say something witty.
 Why Doniphan uses so much BAYONET stationery.
 Why Anderson doesn't buy any tobacco.
 Who bought "Piggie's" sash.

Major (In Physics Class): "Scott—if an elephant
 slipped into a flat bottomed boat twenty feet long and ten
 feet wide, and the boat sank five inches, how much would
 the elephant weigh?"

Scott (after deep thinking): "How much did you say
 he weighed?"

Hancock: "Wangenstein, what kind of work do you do
 during your vacation?"

Wangenstein: "I sell a little real estate for dad."

Hancock: "What do you know about real estate?"

Wangenstein: "Lots."

Hancock: "You do, eh? Well, how many lots did you
 sell?"

Wangenstein: "I can't really state."

IN OUR BRIGHTEST CHEMISTRY CLASS

Capt. Fraser: "Brown, do you know what we get from
 a lime kiln?"

Brown: "Yes, sir; we get limeade."

Capt. Fraser: "Justice, tell me something about respira-
 tion."

Justice: "Oh! he is the man who invented oxygen."

Capt. Fraser: "Brown, do you know how iron was first
 discovered?"

Brown: "Yes, sir they smelt it."

Capt. Fraser: "You don't mean to tell me, Oppleman,
 that you don't know what hydrogen monoxide is?"

Oppleman: "No, sir! What is it?"

Capt. Fraser: "It is water."

Tinsley (innocently): "Capt., what is maple sugar
 made of?"

Capt. Fraser (seriously): "Radium and hydrofloric
 acid."

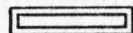
Tinsley: "Honest!"

He: "Why do you put cold cream on your lips?"

She: "To keep the chaps off."

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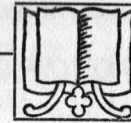
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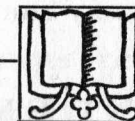
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